

THE ADVOCATE.

VOLUME IX

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1909.

NUMBER 1000

IMPRESSIVE WERE LAST RITES

OVER THE REMAINS OF PRESIDENT J. McHENRY JONES AS THEY LAY IN THE SCHOOL'S ASSEMBLY HALL.

Many State Officials Present and Join in Extolling the Virtues of the Deceased—Faculty, Alumni, Student Body and Friends View the Body as it Lay in State, and Composed the Cortège Which Followed it to the Grave.

Institute, Sept. 25.—The face wreathed in a sad, sweet smile, as though rejoiced at the release from earthly cares, surrounded by a wealth of flowers, white tokens of the affection and esteem of hundreds of friends, the remains of J. McHenry Jones, president of the West Virginia Colored Institute, lay in state in the Hazlewood assembly hall from 9:00 a. m. till 1:00 p. m. and were viewed by the entire student body and a steady stream of friends, who bade farewell, a long farewell to him, who was so fittingly called by one of the funeral orators, the Aaron of the race in West Virginia. In the long, sorrowful line were old, gray-haired men and matrons who had watched the career of J. McHenry Jones since in the first flush of budding manhood he electrified his little audience from the school house rostrum, and the pulpit in his native town, Pomeroy, O., on the banks of the Ohio. Others there were accompanied by their wives or husbands and children, whose guide and teacher the dead educator had been along the rough, rugged road to success. The upper classes, who knew his worth, and the new students, who were drawn to the institution by his magnetism, gave way to the alumnus or the alumna, who gazed in deep sorrow upon the lifeless clay, all that remained of the sympathetic teacher who had largely shaped their destiny.

The Funeral Services.

At 1:30 o'clock, the family, preceded by the patriarchs from Gallipolis, O., subordinate lodges of Odd Fellows, Grand Officers, active and honorary pall-bearers, and Revs. J. W. Waters, S. R. Bullock, W. E. Walker and S. T. Thurston entered the assembly hall. Immediately following were the faculty, alumni and student body, who with friends of the deceased from the neighborhood, Charleston and elsewhere more than filled the spacious room. The Rev. J. W. Waters, pastor of Simpson M. E. Church of Charleston, an old friend and spiritual adviser of Prof. Jones, presided. Seated on the rostrum were the governor, the auditor and the state superintendent of schools of West Virginia; former Judge H. C. McWhorter of the Supreme Court of Appeals; Messrs. Hodges and Sheppard of the State Board of Control; Prof. George Laidley of the State Board of Regents; Grand Master Houston of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows; J. S. Noel, District Grand Master of West Virginia; District Grand Master Cousins, of Ohio; Grand Director J. C. Johnson of Baltimore, the ministers previously named and the choir.

The choir sang "Abide With Me," a favorite of Prof. Jones and one of the hymns he was heard to murmur as, fighting bravely, but hopelessly, he retreated down into the dark valley of the shadow. Rev. S. A. Thurston, of the Huntington Sixteenth Street Baptist Church, uttered a fervent prayer, not for the dead, but that the living might profit by the example which had been set for them and the 90th Psalm was read by Rev. Walker, of Charleston. The Rev. J. W. Waters, pastor of the Simpson M. E. Church, Charleston, read the biographical sketch, in part as follows:

Biographical Sketch.

James McHenry Jones was born August 28th, 1859 at Gallipolis, O., to Joseph and Temperance Jones, being the sixth of ten children, nine of whom were boys. He died September 22nd, 1909 at 11:22 p. m., being at the time of his death, fifty years and twenty-five days old. His boyhood days, spent at Burlington and New Richmond, O., differed very little, if at all, from those of the average boy of poor, but honest parentage. He removed to Pomeroy, O., with his parents when he was about nine years of age and entered two public schools there, graduating therefrom, with high honors in 1881. At the age of seventeen he joined the Free Will Baptist Church, and, on account of his special fitness, in spite of his tender years, was ordained to the ministry with churches at Middleport and Pomeroy. It was during his pastorate of these two churches that he entered upon the profession of teaching, his first school being about two miles back of Pomeroy, the scholars numbering three.

In 1882, Prof. Jones was elected to the principalship of Lincoln High School at Wheeling, W. Va., which, during his incumbency of sixteen years, became one of the very best Negro public schools in the state. At Wheeling he connected himself with Simpson M. E. Church, and la-

bored with all his might and main for its upbuilding. He joined every movement for the advancement of his race, and was frequently called upon to speak throughout the state from the rostrum and the stump. He was married to Miss Carrie Harrison, of Marietta, O., in 1885 with whom he lived an ideal life till her death in 1893. There was no issue of this marriage, as is true of his subsequent marriage to Miss Elizabeth Moore, of Cincinnati, by whom he is survived.

The presidency of the West Virginia Colored Institute becoming vacant in 1898, by the resignation of Prof. J. H. Hill, who entered the volunteer army, the position was offered to the subject of this sketch at the suggestion of the writer, who called the attention of the then governor, G. W. Atkinson to Professor Jones' adaptability to and fitness for the place. Here for eleven years he labored with the greatest success, the attendance upon the institution more than doubling, the and the buildings from five to seven, two of the former receiving additions which more than doubled their capacity. It was while Prof. Jones was president of the institution that most of his highest honors came to him. Wilberforce University, in recognition of his scholarship and superior management conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, but it remained for the year 1902 to bring to him an honor which he had long desired and to which his long years of useful service preeminently recommended him—that honor was the Grand Masterhip of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, an organization composed of 500,000 of the best, bravest Negroes on this hemisphere. He occupied this lofty station for two terms of two years each, as long as the laws of the fraternity allowed.

"Last year Rust University made him a Doctor of Literature and the Epworth League chose him as one of its speakers at its quadrennial convention held at Seattle, Wash., where just as he did when representing the Odd Fellows in England and his race on numerous other occasions, he acquitted himself with credit."

"This is the brief chronicle of him to whom we are assembled here today to pay tribute and to pay a final farewell. His life is an inspiration to those who labor under adverse circumstances and has been a blessing to his fellow man."

Following Rev. Waters the choir sang "It Is Well With My Soul." Grand Master Houston, for the Odd Fellows, delivered a touching tribute, which will be found elsewhere in this issue of the Advocate. He also conducted the ritualistic work of his fraternity for the dead, the choir singing at its conclusion, "Sweet Rest in Heaven."

The Rev. I. V. Bryant, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Huntington spoke most impressively of the virtues and paid a beautiful tribute to noble man fallen in the prime of his life.

The Governor Speaks.

To the knowledge of your correspondent two Negroes only have fallen the victims of the grim reaper who have, by their great worth to the state, caused governors to lay aside the cares of their high offices to render unto them at their biers such praise as comes to but few, one of these Negroes was Samuel W. Starks, the other J. McHenry Jones.

Speaking over the remains of Dr. Jones, Governor Wm. E. Glasscock delivered a message to the living while paying tribute to the dead. In part he said:

"I have known Prof. Jones for fifteen years and my estimate of him is that he was a big hearted, broad minded, well educated, patriotic citizen. He was a good public speaker, but few, if any I have heard were better, but the best work he did, that which will leave the most lasting impression, was his endeavor to make the world better by his having lived in it. Always his hands, heart, and mind were engaged in lifting up his fellowman, in making smooth the path of adversity, and throwing the light of knowledge into the dark corners of ignorance. His idea of life was to make the world better and happier."

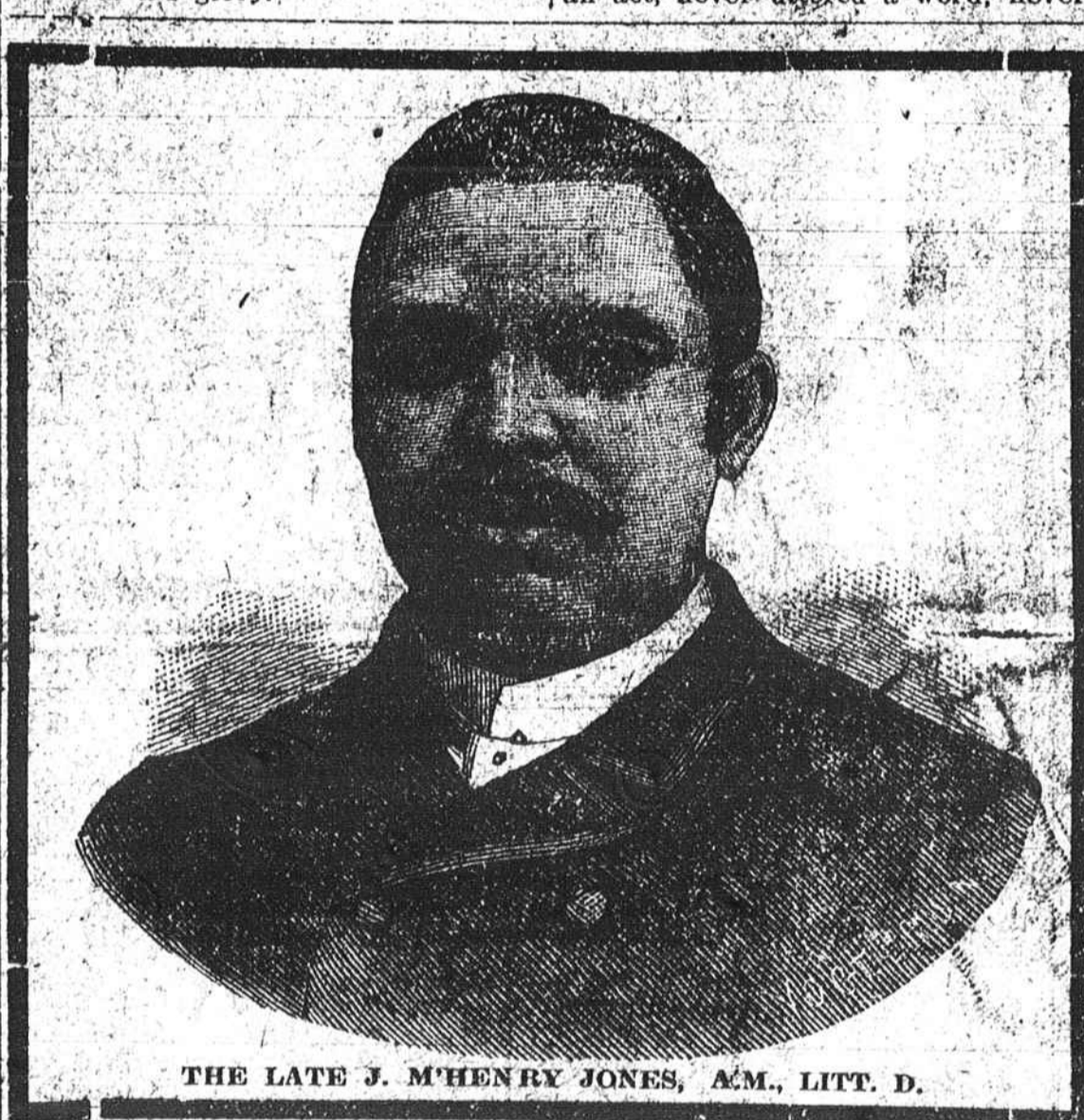
"He is gone, and while he has done a good work, this institution over which he presided with such marked credit will continue to increase in usefulness and grow bigger and better with each passing year. It is expected of you who have come into contact with him and have the advantage of that contact to do big-

ger and better things. His life and work will be speaking to the students of this institution and those who have gone out into the world long after the poignant sorrow caused by his death shall have been erased from their memories. Life is better because of his having lived, and we are fortunate in that we knew him."

Just as the Rev. S. R. Bullock, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Charleston pictured the life of Dr. Jones, so his family, friends and acquaintances knew him. The speaker eloquently ran the course Dr. Jones had set before him, and pointed out how he had always kept the faith. As the cortège moved from the hall, benediction having been pronounced by Rev. Waters, Prof. Ed. M. Burgess brought tears to the eyes of his hearers as he rendered the beautiful solo, "We Lay us Down to Sleep." Down through the park and up the hill to the burial ground adjoining the Institute farm the procession marched, headed by the visiting subordinate lodges of Odd Fellows. Young men and women students, the latter dressed in white, with bare heads reverently bore the floral offerings, and were followed by the Grand Lodge officers, honorary pall-bearers and the hearse, on either side of which was a guard of the Patriarchie. At the grave the services were short and impressive, the Odd Fellows' rites being pronounced by Grand Master Houston. While the casket was being lowered by undertaker Barlow, those assembled sang "Nearer My God, To Thee," and they left him alone in his glory.

I am reminded in this connection of the words of our Blessed Savior in John, 17th chapter and 4th verse, where he said in that memorial prayer, "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

You will bear in mind with me, that the work assigned our Savior was immeasurably greater and more difficult than was in any other instance ever assigned to man. Yet he failed in no respect. Whatever, from the beginning to the close of his earthly life, he never performed an act, never uttered a word, never



THE LATE J. McHENRY JONES, A.M., LITT. D.

EVERYTHING

For the Best, Says Miss Burroughs in Letter of Condolence to Bereaved Wife.

Louisville, Ky.—I am sure it is very hard for us all to understand and reconcile ourselves to the will of the Almighty, and yet He is wise, and He has never made a mistake. We must, therefore, believe that everything that He does is for the best, and, as he considers the sparrow, how much more does He consider us. I want to beg you to look to Him, even in this dark hour, and say, "My Lord, Thy will be mine."

There are so many shadows, so much sorrow, and so many disappointments in this old world, that we ought not to envy our loved ones when they are taken to a land where these troubles never come, where every tear is wiped away. Another happy thought is that we shall meet again, and never part. These thoughts are sufficient to drive away our cares.

Trusting that you may lean hard upon Him, who is able to sustain you, I am

Yours very truly,
Nannie H. Burroughs.

Washington, D. C.—In this the hour of your bereavement my sympathies go out to you. The death of your husband is not alone your loss, but his passing is a distinct loss to the country, the state and the race. You and I, and all of us, however, have the sweet consolation of knowing that the world is far better for his having lived. I admired him as a personal friend, as a good citizen, and as a splendid type of the best man.

Ralph W. Tyler,
Auditor for the Navy Dept.

Pittsburg, Pa.—My family joins me in your bereavement, as the professor and my family were great friends. We will all miss a great and good man.

C. W. Posey.

FUNERAL

ORATION DELIVERED BY REV. I. V. BRYANT.

Pastor of the Huntington First Baptist Church Extols the Late J. McHenry Jones in the Highest Terms.

Master of Ceremonies, Fellow Citizens and Teachers: I assure you that I am called on today to perform one of the saddest duties of my life. When I remember the intimate acquaintance as well as the relationship existing between Mr. Jones and myself, it is with considerable reluctance as well as emotion that I undertake this task. Yet being invited by the family I respond to their wishes as best I can.

I am reminded in this connection of the words of our Blessed Savior in John, 17th chapter and 4th verse, where he said in that memorial prayer, "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

You will bear in mind with me, that the work assigned our Savior was immeasurably greater and more difficult than was in any other instance ever assigned to man. Yet he failed in no respect. Whatever, from the beginning to the close of his earthly life, he never performed an act, never uttered a word, never

The first of these requirements is a good, private, christian character. By this I mean a kind and amiable disposition, and upright, blameless conduct in domestic and social life. This is essential to prepare any man for the important stations of public life.

The life and character of J. McHenry Jones happily meet this requirement. He had that combination of intellect and moral qualities which constitutes a useful citizen. His understanding was lucid and discriminating, his imagination fertile and remarkably chaste. While his heart was susceptible of strong and tender emotions, his habit of reasoning was logical and convincing, and his taste uncommonly pure and classical. He felt a disgust for all affected grandeur and floridness of language, to everything which savored of pomp or ostentation. His style was simple, neat, perspicuous and dignified, suited to convey to his hearers the clear and orderly conceptions of his own cultivated mind. He was endowed with an instinctive discernment of what was just and proper, whether in thought or expression. In respect to both words and phrases he employed, and to their arrangement and sense, he always spoke in pure English. From boyhood to mature manhood, Prof. Jones was noted for his strict adherence to business. In every part of the business which he undertook, he evinced a remarkable degree of practical wisdom. In regard to any object which was brought before him, he would inquire not only whether it was good in itself but whether it was practical. It was by no means uncommon for those who associated with him in important public transactions to distrust their own opinions as soon as they found it to be different from his. He exhibited politeness without affectation, dignity without pride, and strict adherence to rules of order without pertinacity, with these qualifications he was often called to preside over public assemblies. The manner in which he presided here and elsewhere was always unexceptional and satisfactory. Who ever had reason to suppose that he thought more highly of himself than he ought to think? When and where did he ever expect an honor where others were not ready to bestow it upon him or manifest a feeling that he was not high enough among his brethren? He was so evidently unassuming that although he was always in all societies, placed among the first in point of influence no one envied him or felt that his talents or services were valued too highly.

As to christian character, it would be difficult for me to name a man of more unquestionable piety. I have known him from childhood to manhood. Even when a small youth he

had a thought or emotion that varied from the will of God—the perfect standard of Right.

There was nothing in his youth or manhood, nothing in his public or private life, nothing in his most retired actions or innermost movements of his heart that was not perfectly pleasing to God. In his whole form of mind he was so pure and holy till the most subtle and powerful temptation produced no irregular thought or emotion. Thus through labor and suffering, care and responsibility, he proceeded to Calvary, where on the cross, in anguish of body and spirit, forsaken by his disciples, and worse by his God, he finished his work.

Be it far from me today, my friends to liken any man, even the most diligent and faithful to this holy Savior. Yet true christians are in reality followers of Jesus. They love and obey the same law He loved and obeyed, they love that moral purity which He possessed without mixture. In this way, though imperfect and with faltering steps, they do in their humble way and measure glorify God on the earth and thereby accomplish the great object of their existence.

Through the constant aid of the Holy Spirit they so far finish the work which God gave them to do that they are through Christ accepted of Him and as good and faithful servants admitted into the rewards of his grace.

It was in this qualified sense that the Apostle Paul said that when the time of his departure was at hand, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." It is also in the sense, my beloved brother whose funeral we are here to attend today, could we doubt not, adopt the language of the text and say, "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do."

With reference to Prof. J. McHenry Jones, this is either appropriate or inappropriate. But let me say here, that in order to properly glorify God on earth several things are necessary. If he met these pre-requisites, then the words are appropriate, if he did not they are inappropriate.

H. C. McWHORTER.

OF JUDGE H. C. McWHORTER TO JONES.

Dead Negro Educator Made Last and Splendid Speech at Epworth League Convention Which Met at Seattle, Wash.

Judge H. C. McWhorter, formerly of the Supreme Court of Appeals, hon. as the late J. McHenry Jones, president of the West Virginia Colored Institute, in regarding him as a man who had the welfare of his race at heart and did much toward their uplifting.

Judge McWhorter and Mrs. McWhorter were in Seattle at the time the Epworth League convention met there last summer and writes in compliment of the deceased Negro educator as follows:

To the Editor of the Gazette:

On our recent visit to the west at Seattle we took in the convention of the International Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal church, the Methodist Episcopal church, South, and the Methodist church of Canada. On the third day of the convention, addresses were made by speakers from all the churches represented, on the topic "The Epworth League and the Enfranchisement" (of Christ). Prof. J. McHenry Jones of Charleston being one of the speakers. This was a public audience; the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and although he was the last speaker, but one, and the hour was getting late, and the people wearied, he held that vast audience of 6,000 or 8,000 in undivided attention to the close of his magnificent address, which was thought by many to be the best and most eloquent made on that occasion. I heard very many expressions to that effect. We were made to feel proud of West Virginia. As Prof. Jones has just passed away, I think it due to his memory to say this of the last speech of his life.

H. C. McWHORTER.

LETTERS

AND TELEGRAMS FROM SORROWING FRIENDS.

Attesting the High Esteem in Which J. McHenry Jones Was Held by Those Who Knew Him Best.

Fairmont, W. Va., Sept. 23.—Accept my deepest sympathy in your sad hour of bereavement.

Ed. L. Mortimer,
Principal Colored School.

Wilberforce, O., Sept. 23.—Wither force learns with sorrow the death of President J. McHenry Jones. Convey to the family our deepest sympathy.

W. S. Scarborough,
President.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 23.—The loss is not yours alone. The race has lost a leader. You have my deepest sympathy.

Joseph L. Jones,
Adj. General Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias.

Lawrenceburg, Ky., Sept. 23.—Sincere sympathy in your present bereavement.

G. W. Saffel, Jr.

Vicksburg, Miss., Sept. 23.—Express to the widow my profoundest sympathy.

Rev. E. P. Jones.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 23.—You have our deepest sympathy in this sad hour of your affliction.

George W. Hayes.

Holly Springs, Miss., Sept. 23.—We deeply deplore the loss of your husband and our friend. You have our sympathy in your saddest hours.

E. K. McKissick,
Pres. Rust University.

Bluefield, W. Va., Sept. 23.—With deepest sorrow we learn of your sad bereavement.

R. P. Stitts,
Prin. Bluefield Colored Institute.

Tulsa, Okla., Express my sympathy to the widow.

J. H. Hill.

Athens, O.—We are in deep sympathy with you. Life's race well run. Life's work well done. Life's crown well won.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Boyer.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Please accept my sincere sympathy. I grieve with you. We have lost a great and good man.

J. C. Asbury,
Editor Odd Fellows' Journal.

Chicago, Ill.—Accept my sincere sorrow and sympathy in your great bereavement. The entire order of Odd Fellows mourns with you in this sad hour.

W. L. Houston,
Grand Master.

Harpers' Ferry, W. Va.—In your sad bereavement and incomparable loss, please accept my sincerest sympathy.

Henry T. McDonald,
Pres. Storor College.

Atlanta, Ga.—I am surprised and grieved. I mourn with you in the death of President Jones.

I. Garland Penn,
Secy. Epworth League.

Cincinnati, O.—We all most deeply share your grief. May God help you.

(Miss) Zenobia Cox.

St. Louis, Mo.—My heart goes out to you in sympathy in your present sorrow. Prof. Jones will be missed by his race all over this broad land. Truly he is at rest.

George E. Temple.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Express my sympathy to Mrs. Jones.

James F. Needham,
Grand Secy. G. U. O. of O. F.

Chicago, Ill.—In your great loss I extend my deepest sympathy. My heart is sad.

E. H. Morris,
P. G. M., G. U. O. of O. F.

Huntington, W. Va.—You have my deepest sympathy in your great loss. We shall miss him.

J. W. Scott,
Prin. Douglass High School.

Pasadena, Cal.—We know your great sorrow and pray for your divine consolation.

Mrs. Z. F. Payne.

Martinsburg, W. Va.—Express the sympathy of Mountain State Lodge No. 4450 and myself to the bereaved ones.

Fred. R. Ramer.

Shepherdstown, W. Va.—Express to Mrs. Jones and all the friends my sincere sympathy. The state has lost a faithful leader.

Thomas C. Miller,
Ex-State Superintendent of Schools.

CALMLY

A LITTLE CHILD LIES DOWN TO SLEEP.

Henry Jones, Surrogate of the Probate Court, and J. McHenry Jones, President of the West Virginia Colored Institute, passed to his reward Wednesday night, the 22nd, at 11:22 p. m.

Dr. Jones had not enjoyed good health during the past two weeks. He frequently complained of feeling as well as he should, and he heard to say more than once that he felt himself failing. None, however, entertained any fears as to his condition, and all thought that his usual summer vacation would restore him to his usual robust condition.

About two weeks before his departure for Seattle, in June, where he went to address the Epworth League convention, his appetite began to fail and symptoms of indigestion began to manifest themselves. En route he stopped at Chicago where a physician prescribed for this ailment, but he received but little relief. The trip across the continent, down the coast from Seattle to Pasadena, and thence back home was robbed of its pleasure by his increasing feebleness. Arriving home about the 15th of August, Dr. R. L. Jones was called and pronounced, after close observation and careful diagnosis, the ailment Bright's disease.

In despite of his administrations, supplemented by those of Dr. Thomas, Whipple and Moore, and the solicitous care of his wife, children and friends, Dr. Jones grew steadily worse. He fought manfully against the ravages of the disease, and refused to take to his bed till compelled to do so by weakness. Day by day life's tide ebbed lower, and Jones, day by day life's spark grew fainter and fainter. It was heartrending to those who ministered to his wants, to sit by his side and see his bark slip its moorings while he was helpless to prevent. Through out the last days and nights he lay in fitful sleeps, awaking suddenly to cast up the nourishments which his stomach refused to receive. Snatches of old, favorite hymns and quotations from his favorite authors passed his lips during the intervals when he was not conversing with his wife or other attendants. During the time his sight failed to such an extent that he was unable to recognize anyone standing the room's distance from his bed, but his hearing was in no way impaired and periods of delirium were fortunately few and short.

Wednesday night, nature gave up the fight, and J. McHenry Jones, peacefully and quietly as a little child, cuddled in its mother's arms, lay itself down to sleep, unaware of the one clear call and put out to sea. There was "no moaning of the sea" when that drew down from the boundless deep" turned again home. Surrounded by his wife, brothers, other relatives and friends, he wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to pleasant dreams. His work was finished.

Fort Monroe, Va.—I deeply regret to hear of the death of Pres. Jones. He was truly a great man. I sincerely mourn his loss, not only for his personal influence and wise council, but as a shining star of a good Odd Fellow, a noble brother and upright citizen.

R. M. Smith.

Atlanta, Ga.—No tidings could more fully fill me with sorrow than the sad message of the death of your husband and my friend.

Henry Lincoln Johnson.

Elizabeth, W. Va.—Please bear to Mrs. Jones my profound and heartfelt sympathy. I feel that her loss, as well as the loss to the West Virginia Colored Institute is irreparable. During the eight years I served on the Board of Regents, I learned to admire him because of his moral ability, his kind heart and his charitable disposition. Truly, a good man has fallen.

Joseph Gray.

Pittsburg, Pa.—I was shocked and grieved to hear the sad news of your husband's death and offer my heartfelt sympathy in your great loss.

Walker C. Harrison.

St. Louis, Mo.—It was not my pleasure to know your husband personally, but I have known of his work and distinguished services. I wish to express my sympathy for you in this, your hour of trial.

Frank L. Williams,
Prin. Sumner High School.

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